

LIVES IN DANGER AT A CABLE CURVE.

Fourteenth Street and Broadway a Scene of Terror and Confusion.

Cars Sweep Around the Corner at the Rate of 2,160 in Nine Hours.

Fifty Thousand Pedestrians Cross in Peril on the Days of Lightest Travel.

WORK FOR A LIFE-SAVING CREW.

Patrolman Houghtaling Piloted Shoppers and Children Between Rushing Cars Until He Miscalculated and Was Injured.

Patrolman Houghtaling, who was knocked down and almost killed on the Fourteenth street curve of the Broadway cable road was a new man on that post. He dodged and piloted thousands of persons between the rushes of the clanging cars until, made giddy by perpetual danger, he failed to calculate with nice accuracy and moved four inches too near.

If there is in America a more dangerous point on any cable or electric road than the Fourteenth street "curve," no man could be found yesterday who had heard of it. A diagram of that part of the road looks like the erratic line a baby draws when permitted to mark surrounding objects with a pencil.

Broadway comes south in a fairly straight line to a point below Eighteenth street. There it widens into Union Square west, and the cable road curves sharply to the southwest to get a wide swing around for its turn into Fourteenth street. That swing begins below Fifteenth street, and brings the cable cars into Fourteenth street facing east; but scarcely has the car body straightened on the much-travelled thoroughfare when the car head lurches to the right and rushes around the last segment into Broadway.

From Eighteenth street to Fourteenth street the gripman elangs his bell; passengers hold on to car seats, window frames, straps and door posts, hold their breath and pray that the rush will end without loss of life. The gripman dares not release the cable when once he has gripped it, to rush around the erratic composition of curves, for he might not be able to pick up the cable again, and the heavy car would have to be pushed by men to the straight track. That would involve delay which would mean a fine for him and a probable block of Fourteenth street. Then the cable might be stranded by releasing on the curve, or some of the hundred wheels in the conduit broken. That would mean more delay and more danger.

Fourteenth street at the Broadway crossing is fifteen hours out of the twenty-four crowded with trucks and street cars. At

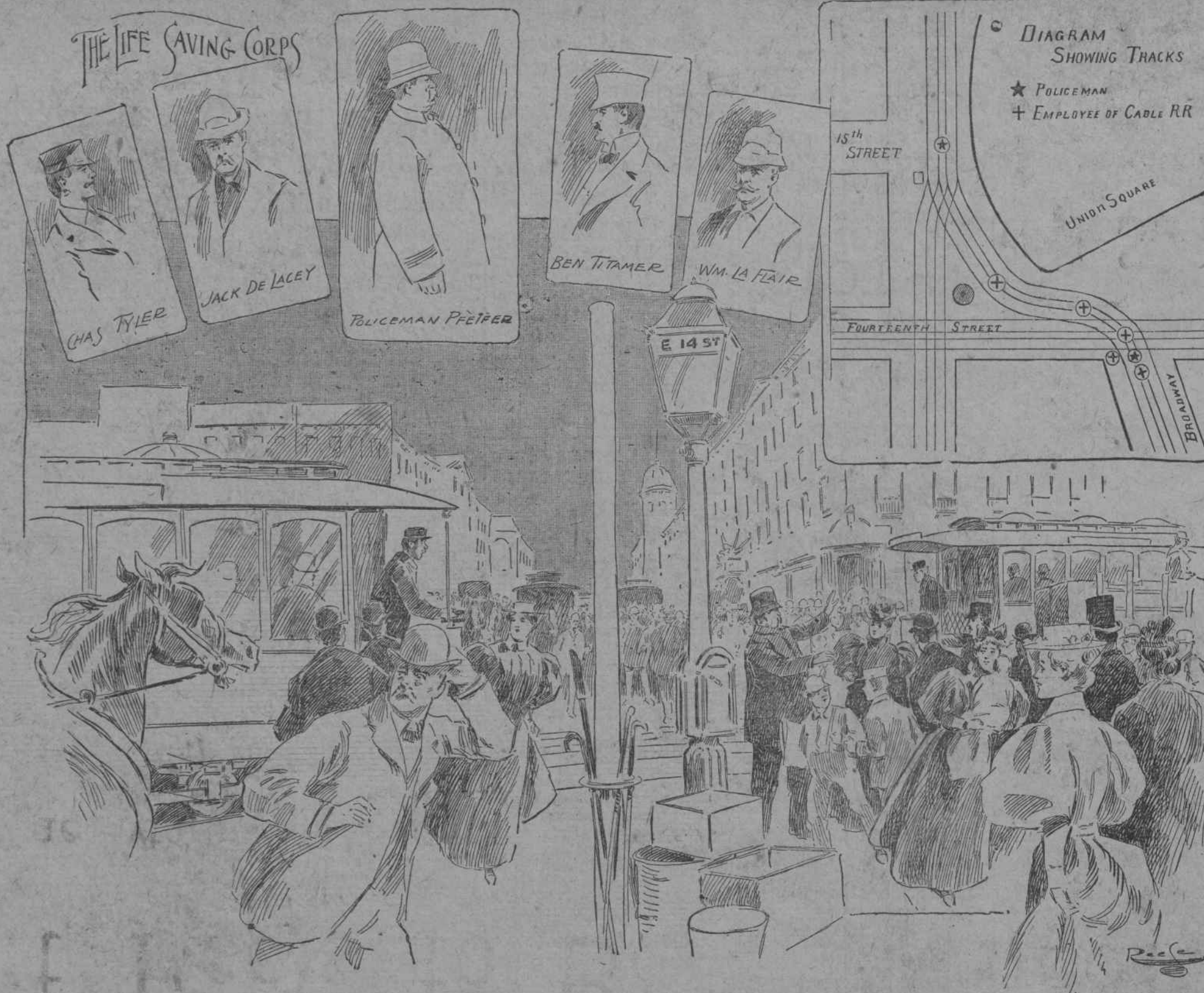
the point of greatest danger from the 2,160 Broadway cable cars that pass between the hours of 9 a. m. and 6 p. m., three lines of crosstown horse-cars are in constant

operation. The space from the south curb of Fourteenth street to the pavement about Union square is wide, but not too wide for the accommodation of the immense

trifle constantly pouring through it. But the danger to trucks and crosstown horse cars is trifling when compared to the danger to pedestrians crossing Broadway

on the south side of Fourteenth street. Cable cars going south are at that crossing just turning into the straight track, and those going north have just caught the

cable for the horrible wrench about the track that baby mapped. Two thousand one hundred and sixty cars make this curve at the highest speed of



THE DANGEROUS FOURTEENTH STREET CROSSING OF THE BROADWAY CABLE ROAD.

During the nine busiest hours of the day 2,160 cars sweep around the most eccentric street railway curve in the country. The gripmen are not allowed to release the cable until free of the curve, and five men are constantly employed pulling pedestrians out of the way of the rushing cars.

the cable in the nine hours of the day when pedestrians are most numerous. On a rainy day 50,000 pedestrians crossed Broadway at that point, and on bright days the number is certainly four times as great. In nine hours there are but 32,400 seconds, and the average time between cars if they were run with perfect regularity could only be a little more than 14 seconds. But there are times in the day—and those are the times when the number of pedestrians is greatest—when cars follow each other with the smallest possible interval between them, and at noon the rush of cars is equally great on the up and down town tracks.

There are policemen at the crossing. The cable company supplies an inspector to see that the cars are not blocked on the curve, and three "life savers" to reduce damages on account of lost limbs and relatives. Every official has his hands full, and yet every pedestrian has a task more nerve wearing than service in a powder mill, in avoiding the cars. This danger is increased by the rule of the company which compels the gripmen on down town cars to keep moving until fifty feet south of Fourteenth street, which means entirely free of the curve.

The "life savers" work hard, and do save many lives, but they have but two eyes and two hands each, and the pedestrians are legion. An increase in the life saving crew is hardly to be thought of. That would mean more crowding in the narrow space through which the pedestrians may pass and increase their danger. Children flock across most quickly and safely when the crossing is unguarded altogether, but ladies and old folk need the watchful care of police and the company's men.

Many lives are saved every hour of the day there, but the wonder is that the necessity for saviors should continue. And those who save are not free from danger themselves, as witness Houghtaling, the patrolman who guided hundreds of persons through the dangerous pass and was injured in a second of inattention.

Patrolman Pfeiffer, of the Broadway Squad, has been on the watch at the crossing for more than three years, and he has heaps of trouble every day. From 8 o'clock in the morning until 6:30 o'clock at night Pfeiffer is the busiest man in New York City. The six-foot man who is kept on the jump behind the big policeman is Ben Titmer, an inspector of the company. He has with him three men—Jack De Lacy, William La Flair and Charles Tyler—whose time during the lively hours of the day, is devoted to the most exciting kind of work.

It was only a few days ago that a bicycle rider knocked down Mrs. Matthews, of No. 207 East Sixty-ninth street, at the crossing and threw her under the wheels of a cable car. She was rescued by Pfeiffer at the risk of his own life. He knows just when and where to step on the thin strip of flagging to avoid the shooting cars, but he cannot always place that knowledge at the service of pedestrians. Numbers have been knocked down and seriously hurt, and every one familiar with the crossing counts as inevitable an accident in which many lives will be lost.

Aid for the Schaffer Children.

Sympathy for little Katie Schaffer and her baby sister, who, after the death of their mother from consumption, some two weeks ago, were found in a starving condition, with their aunt, in a miserable tenement room at No. 720 East Ninth street, still takes substantial form. Yesterday the Journal received \$1 from E. Grover, of Newark, N. J., to be added to the fund for the benefit of the children.

How It Feels to Be Drowned!

Written by a New Yorker Who Was Drowned and Came to Life Again.

Real Sunshine Made to Order!

An Inventor Succeeds in Imitating the Light of the Sun.

The Richest Heiress in the World—A Lucky Little Girl with 100,000,000 Dollars.

How Bicycling Makes Your Feet Big—A Distressing Discovery Especially for Women.

Terrors of a Tornado—Snap Shot Photos of a Cyclone.

Shocking Story of a Woman's Skirt.



Handsome Lithographed Memorial Day Parade Free with Each Sunday Journal.

The Strongest Woman in the World.

A Queer Religious Sect Who Live in Coffins.

An Odd Bicycle Church on Wheels.

3

Cents,

44 PAGES.

The Great Sunday Journal.